

## TO LIFE AND LOVE

### Modern Prodigal Turned From Folly to Wisdom Almost at the Last Moment.

By GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

The firefly lights of the little voitures twinkled up and down the Champs Elysees. Now and then the chug-chug of an automobile consumed the distance from the Place de la Concorde to the Rond Point in a minute and disappeared as rapidly toward the Place de l'Etoile.

Henderson kicked the gravel impatiently with his heel. His last ten centimes had been spent for the rent of the iron chair on which he sat. He had been wondering if the ticket of the old woman who rented it to him entitled him to occupy it all night—or if he would be turned out at midnight.

He had just committed the egregious folly of eating an elaborate meal—a very dainty meal, crowned with great, tender, delicious strawberries buried in a silver bowl full of whipped cream, set on a block of crystal clear ice.

He was simply whimsical, and it amused him to have a jest—perhaps a last jest—with fate. So when he had faced that evening the alternative of pawning something from his depleted wardrobe or going without a meal, he had arrayed himself in evening dress and taken his last daylight garment to the Mont de Piété.

On a handsome winter overcoat and a London-made silk-lined suit, scarcely worn, he had raised enough money for his final fling at fortune. "Nice night, isn't it," said Cazenove as he sat down on the adjoining chair.

"Quite nice," said Henderson with an affectation of interest. "What you doing out here, Cazenove?"

"Taking the air like yourself," said Cazenove, as he tendered his cigar case. "Healthful open-air life, this in Paris. The riot of night life on Broadway isn't much like this busy subdued existence, is it? I was there last week."

Henderson's heart came up in his throat. This link seemed to bring him closer and closer to the old life—the life in God's country, as every expatriated American calls it, if only under his breath.

"Didn't know you'd been away," said Henderson, trying to control his voice that threatened to break for a moment.

"Just ran over for three days," said Cazenove. "Had to see my partner. Saw your governor for a minute. He's looking well."

"I guess he's all right," said Henderson. He could not say much more, since he hadn't heard from his father in more than three months.

They sat watching the procession of carriages for several minutes silently. Then Cazenove said: "I think I'll be going on. Dine with us tomorrow?"

"Thanks," said Henderson. "I mean, thank you, no. I can't. I've an engagement."

"Can't you break it? Is it in town?"

"Yes—that is, Cazenove, old man!"

"Well, Henderson?"

"I think I've come to the jumping-off place, Cazenove."

"So I thought when I saw you sitting here."

Cazenove smiled and sat down again, balancing his cane on one finger to distract his eyes. Henderson gave him a quick look.

"I didn't know I looked so seedy as that," he said.

Ordinarily he would never have thought to seek sympathy from Cazenove. Cazenove was such a conformed cynic in everyday life. But his manner was not unsympathetic—nor was it indifferent.

"I cut myself off from the governor three months ago," said Henderson. "It wasn't all my fault. He was just as stubborn as I was."

Cazenove smiled a little; but he didn't answer.

"Did he—?" Henderson hesitated a moment. "Did he tell you about the girl?"

"No," said Cazenove.

"I suppose the governor was right," Henderson went on lamely, "but I couldn't see it that way, and he was—he was so positive. The fact is, Cazenove, I wanted to marry Josephine Dedham—we were engaged—and he said I must put it off for two years and get into some work—and I didn't think it was fair to Josephine, because I'd told her

we'd be married right away, and so—"

"And so you broke with Josephine."

"Was I wrong?"

There was an irritating cynicism in Cazenove's expression when he answered, but Henderson didn't see it.

"It's a question," he said, "whether it was more wrong to tell Josephine she must wait two years or that she must wait forever. You chose the second alternative."

"Oh, she doesn't care," said Henderson gloomily. "I've never had a word from her since I left New York."

"You've written regularly, of course," said Cazenove in his even voice.

"I wrote her once," he said, "and told her the governor was going to disinherit me and that we couldn't marry. She didn't reply."

"Well, my boy, what could a self-respecting girl say if a man wrote to her—as perhaps you did—and told her that—"

"Well, go ahead."

"—say, that his disinheritance would undoubtedly make it impossible for her to marry him?"

"Did I write that?"

"Didn't you?"

There was another pause.

"I think I did," said Henderson.

"though I don't see how you could know. . . . You don't mean that she thought I accused her of—"

Cazenove waited a few minutes. Then he said softly, "What else could it mean?"

Henderson stood up and struck the gravel with his cane. An alert cabman drew up at the curb and held up his hand.

"Come up to my house tonight," said Cazenove with his hand on Henderson's arm. "I've a spare bed."

He half pushed him into the seat of the little voiture.

Henderson presently broke the silence that lay between them.

"I've been stubborn—and—wrong, Cazenove. I knew it down somewhere in my heart when the governor was speaking to me. But I wouldn't acknowledge it even to myself. I'd go to him this minute if I could and tell him so."

The voiture had stopped before a big white building, one floor of which was lighted brilliantly.

"You know I saw your governor when I was in New York," Cazenove said. "Would you like to hear what he said to me? He said, 'Tell Jack if he wants to come home at any time that we all need him badly. Give him all the money he needs. And perhaps I wasn't as considerate as I might have been.'"

Henderson did not answer, but he turned his head away.

"Come along," said Cazenove. Henderson followed his host up two flights of steps. As they reached the landing Mrs. Cazenove threw open the door.

"I thought you were never coming," she said, "and the chafing dish has been waiting an hour."

She held out a welcoming hand to Henderson. But as he entered the brightly lighted room another figure half in the shadow stood hesitating.

"Josephine," he cried—and held out his arms.

It was fifteen minutes later when Mrs. Cazenove's voice from the other room summoned them with a cheery "Supper's ready."

They came in arm in arm, smiling through half-dried tears. There was something of Cazenove's dry smile on his wife's lips as she said: "Did I forget to tell you that Josephine was one of my chums at college, Mr. Henderson? Wasn't it stupid of me?"

"I'm afraid I've delayed your supper," said Henderson.

"Not very much," said Mrs. Cazenove quizzically. "Let me see. How many hours ago was it, Henry, when we were driving up the Champs Elysees and you saw Mr. Henderson sitting under the trees?"

"Just long enough to make me very hungry," said Cazenove.

It was two o'clock when Cazenove put out the lights and, candle in hand, escorted Henderson to his room. As he put down the candle, Henderson grasped his hand and pressed it hard.

"I was an ass, Cazenove," he said. "So I understood," said Cazenove with a smile.—Boston Globe.

#### IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"How these laundries do mangle your shirts of mail," said Sir Launcelot.

"Yes; mine always come back shy several rivets," asserted Sir Gink.



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T. H. Thompson of San Antonio, Texas, arrived Monday for a brief visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Wm. Loomis left Tuesday morning for Columbia to attend the commencement exercises of the Missouri University.

Miss Mattie Marquis returned Wednesday from a visit in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Miss Lillian Harrison left Wednesday for Oklahoma City for a few weeks' visit.

Miss Laura Wilson went to Warrensburg Tuesday to attend the summer school at the state normal.

Miss W. Taylor, who has been attending Central College, left Tuesday morning for her home in Mexico, Mo.

T. M. Swain went to Kansas City Tuesday evening for a few days on business.

Miss Lena Meier went to Kansas City Monday evening for a few days' visit.

Mrs. L. L. Scarce of Higginsville arrived Wednesday for a visit here with Mrs. Ike Noyes. Misses Dora and Allie May Horn went to Kansas City Wednesday for a few days' visit.

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Miss Delia Bates went to Kansas City Wednesday to spend the day.

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Mrs. E. L. Modler and daughter of Roswell, New Mexico, went to Wellington Tuesday after a visit here with Miss Mary Lockhart.



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